

## Round up

Blu Cantrell

Wooh  
Yee-Haw!  
What the hell is a yee-haw? (Well...)  
That's that country shit  
Yeah, May, Blu, crazy cat (wheww) yeah  
Bob Marley (whewww), hey Mill  
That's that country shit..

Round up, round up, yeah  
You know what we came to do  
Dance floor bootylicious  
Party with May and Blu  
Hot tamales we bum rush the parties  
In Denali's, goin to parties in drop-top Ferrari's  
Fingernails, toenails, hair and makeup  
Studded up my ear with a pair from Jacob's  
New faced, dudes chase, mommie lookin' too laced  
Honey's iced feelin' like they killin' with the screw face  
Me and my crew stay loose off that great goose  
Order bottles of Velvi with cranberry and grapefruit  
Where's the sex kitten? (grrr)  
Start chillin' with stars  
And fuck the bars puffin' cigars

[Verse: Blu Cantrell]

12 in the afternoon  
Runnin' kinda late I can't wait for you  
Gotta have my hair done and my nail done, too  
Just like every other girl plans to do (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know)  
If you wanna ride it's ok  
Keep in mind that I don't have all day  
Gotta hurry up before the night slips away  
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know...

Round everybody up  
Hit the club and tear it down  
If you're up against the wall, then you're in the wrong place  
Dating players not allowed  
Everybody up in the crowd (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know)  
Don't hesitate come follow me now  
Let me hear you all say!  
Wha, wha, wha, wha, what, what, what - round up, round up  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ,oh  
Let me hear you all say!  
Wha, wha, wha, wha, what, what, what - round up, round up  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ,oh  
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know

You see my, clique  
We be in the party like it's our shit  
Can't nobody tell us that we not it  
VIP tables, minks and stables, rings in navels  
You know we got that long cash  
Smellin' like money when I walk past  
You know I'm in a hurry; talk fast  
Pimps and players, players and pimps  
Diamonds and links, buyin' me drinks, boy you think

You know my steezy, pimpin' ain't easy  
You know how many cats wanna get with May Wheezy  
The most glamorous, I'm not your average  
So if I holla, ''holla back youngin'' like Fabolous

We can put our makeup on in the car  
So we can dip on this journey of ours  
Call my homies just to see where they are  
And know that rollin' out (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know)  
You know so

HEY YOU!!!

Whatchu standin' on the wall for?  
Know you wanna get on the floor stop actin' hard-core  
Standup, yeah, keep them hands  
Get it crunk up in the club like 'uh huh, uh huh, uh-huh'  
That's why they boys, they boys they love me, love me  
I meet 'em, greet 'em, tease 'em, May wheeze 'em  
I got them beggin' for that ''oochie wally, wally''  
Ooh, she's a hottie, hottie  
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know  
Wit that 5'6 frame, off the chain  
It's in the fast lane, came to switch up the game  
(switchin' the game)  
From the Dirty South to NY, we be doin' our thing, baby  
Goodbye for now (don't you know?)  
Till we see you again

(2x)

Yee-Haw!

What the hell is a hee-haw?